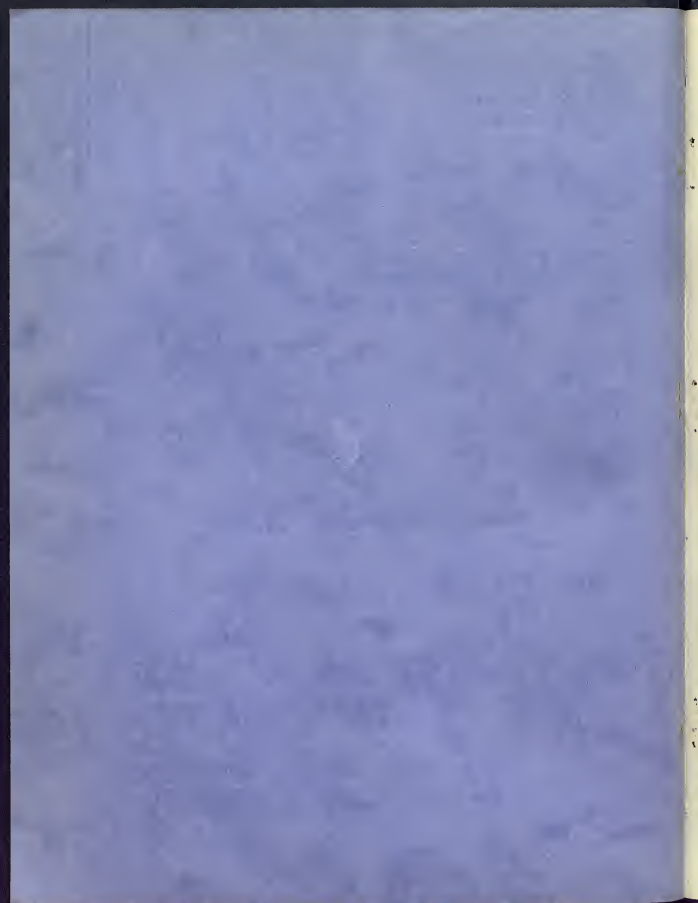


WEST SAXON

AUTUMN TERM
1934



THE WEST SAXON

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Autumn Term, 1934



University College, Southampton.

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EDITORIAL.



We make our editorial bow with some feeling of sadness, and no small amount of trepidation. To many of us this is our last year at College and it ought to be the most important of them all. If our life here has been a success it is now time to consolidate that success and leave College with some feeling of satisfaction, knowing that our time has not been entirely wasted ; if on the other hand we feel that we have failed, here is our last chance to retrieve our lost position, and add our little bit to the forces at work to make University College, Southampton, into the real university that we one day hope it to be. We are a growing institution—in spite of our momentary setback—and that important factor attaches an awful responsibility to each and every one of us. Every man and woman in College, whether he or she be fresher or graduate, junior lecturer or professor, has an important part to play in the evolution of this society of ours. We cannot sit back serenely and rest on the laurels that past generations have won for us ; we must win our own laurels and beget our own traditions. It is therefore vitally necessary that no one should fail to pull his weight, and yet, looking around us, we feel that there are far too many who are neglecting their responsibilities.

With these thoughts in mind we were surprised and not a little pleased to receive a letter on this very subject. It seems that there are others in College who are feeling just a little apprehensive about our very existence, and are beginning to be somewhat sceptical of our hopes of ever attaining university status. Therefore we should like to add our voice to that of the writer and support unequivocally everything that he says. He pleads for greater personal interest and active support on the part of each individual student in College affairs, and draws attention to the fact that the whole of the administration of student activities falls on the shoulders of a few enthusiasts, and that the majority adopt an attitude of passive indifference. This is very true. We are not a homogeneous body working for a common end, but a discordant mass in which each is for himself alone. Certainly we are not entirely to blame for this attitude. University education is nowadays strictly utilitarian, and more concerned with material

realities than spiritual abstractions, and it is natural that the student should think primarily of his future career and plan his time accordingly. But that is not sufficient of itself to excuse the intolerable apathy of a large section of the student body this year. We know from experience that the people who show the least interest in College affairs are not always those who do the most work. In any case, nothing that we can think of justifies the fact that only about sixteen per cent. of the total number of students had the energy to vote in one important election this term. Why is it that people are so loth to identify themselves with the various College societies? Why must officials canvass support for debates, or soirées, or for the "*West Saxon*," instead of individuals coming themselves and offering their services? It cannot be that the vast majority of us are so shy that we are afraid of any recognition, however small, on the part of our fellow students. It can only be that we do not care. We are willing to allow others to do all the donkey-work, while we, aloof and disinterested, may occasionally take notice of any form of entertainment that is offered us if we feel moved to do so.

Having delivered ourselves of all this we realise that what we have said may not be received with approbation. Some may argue that it is not the editor's job to offer his opinions ; he is only supposed to select and arrange. Our answer is that we are not in the least perturbed by what anyone else thinks or says about us. In fact we invite criticism. We should feel that our efforts have by no means been wasted if all the unknown geniuses in our midst were to come forth openly, either in debate or in print, and express their views. The most insignificant thought ; the most unobstrusive action ; the most negligible utterance of the least of us, if it is allowed to play its part in keeping alive the spirit of endeavour that is indispensable in an adolescent institution such as ours, will add just that little extra that we need if a real university is ever to be anything more than a dream in Southampton. With this thought in mind we leave you to pass your judgment.



EDUCATION ?



VERY educationalist, who is anything more than a hired hack, must be an idealist, because with him and his fellows lies the future of the human race. It is with high hopes, then, that the graduate enters upon his course of training to teach. At first his hopes are justified ; the idealism of the various lecturers is only too apparent. After the student has proceeded some way in the course, and has had time to think over some of the points put before him, he begins to suspect that his idealism is of no practical value ; instead of learning how he is to mould and elevate the existing materials, he finds a hazy mysticism which becomes increasingly difficult to reconcile with the actual economic and social factors of life, and which indeed comes to be directly contradictory to them.

Every child, the student is informed, is a precious self which must be cultivated to express a strong personality, to be of use in society and cultured in itself. This, of course, is very true. The first thing in the educational process is to see that the child has a healthy body in order to make mental work possible. This, then, is the reason for the attention paid to physical training throughout the schools and training colleges ; we should have thought however, that the first thing to do was to see that the children were properly nourished. A child who has to be fed and clothed for two or five shillings a week is not likely to benefit from arduous exercise ; the spectacle of children from a "slum" district doing physical training will bring home the truth of this to anybody. To drill the body without feeding it is to many sheer hypocrisy, and offers justification to those who assert that the modern attention to physical fitness, with its contempt of the "out-of-work intellectual," is another symptom of the pagan worship of the non-rational, emotional body which is in vogue at present in Germany.

The child is to be taught the use of leisure, the beauty of literature, art and music. For this a beautiful environment is all important ; the child should enter school at as early an age as possible. The problem we have to face, however, is not an abstract one of this nature. The truth is, that the vast majority of working-class children, even those not wallowing in slumdom, live in surroundings whose drabness and squalor make any talk of beauty a hollow mockery. But, retort our mentors, educate the people and they will demand decent surroundings ; jerry-building and ribbon-development will then be no more. Any solution by the state-planning of

an England beautiful is discouraged ; it would interfere with individuality (including, of course, that of the jerry-builder and his money-lending friends). The present system is a vicious circle from which there is no escape. We cannot teach children to demand decency if their home-life is full of cheap vulgarity ; but the family life is sacred, and those who would take the children from it are sacrilegious communists. The fact must be faced, however, that family-life is even now disintegrating. In many cases the father is out of work or earning an insufficient wage, the mother is forced to "char," or the daughters to sell themselves to factory-owners, not to gain their independence, but to support the children whom neither they nor their parents wanted to bring into the world. Such a family-life is irritating, squalid and often physically disgusting. The truth is, that a majority of parents, including most of those who are not so economically destitute also, are hide-bound by ignorance or short-sightedness, and not fit to rear their children ; the sooner the child is taken from the house, the better it will be for education. Then, even assuming that the teacher is able to induce some love of music, art or drama into the child, how is the cultural hunger so created to be satisfied ? In our present, free individualist state, there are few municipal theatres, art galleries or concerts. What, for instance, can the Southampton child do to sate its thirst ? Economic conditions place these beyond the reach of the poorer classes even where they do exist, and the child is forced to turn to the dope of films, beer or women.

Again, we are constantly urged to realise that education must be saved from any state interference, and the recent proposals on education of the Labour Party Conference are held up as a threat to liberty. Apparently this dangerously revolutionary party would distort the present fair and unbiased teaching. Yet civics is a valuable subject in the schools as it trains good citizens—are we to believe that a subject like this can be taught without bias ? The writer, at school and at college, studied modern European history both for school certificates and a degree without ever hearing the name of Karl Marx mentioned in lessons or lectures. If this is the kind of unbiased teaching to be preserved it will only arouse the antagonism of those who assert that our present educational system is designed to bolster up British imperialism. The state, we are told, tends more and more to dictate to the individual ; at all costs true freedom of thought must be preserved. If this is intended as a warning against Communism it is only fair to point out that the Communist does not aim at a regimented and rigid state as an end in itself (the present Russian state, where the franchise has not yet

been extended to its fullest extent, is only the transitional stage) but, by giving every individual economic freedom, to make it possible to obtain the culture and knowledge upon which true freedom is based. The ultimate end of Communism is Anarchism as far as it is possible; in the present state most people are victims of press-propaganda instigated by armament-makers and other vested interests. The child is surrounded by forces making for the support of this system; unconsciously it is conditioned to feel, not believe, that the *status-quo* is right, and any departure from it is wrong; any examination of the moral value of the system is never attempted, and without such an examination, we contend, teaching is valueless.

Lastly, we come to the intending teacher himself. He is flattered and duly impressed with the importance of the role he is to play; he is not to be a mere professional, but a cultured man; he must read, think and travel; university life is important to him; there he can mix with all types and exchange views of all kinds; above all, the "liberty to prophesy," of which Milton spoke so nobly, must be preserved. Here again the student feels that this is a sham; he is not important because he knows that there is a strong probability of his being unemployed at the end of his course; here, as in all European countries, except Russia, the number of entries to the universities is being drastically cut down. The "liberty to prophesy" is becoming more openly a farce, as the case of Professor Laski and Dickinson show; the student knows that he depends on a grant which may be withdrawn if his actions, like those of Floyd, are displeasing to the grant-givers. Economically the student and teacher is not free; he cannot afford foreign travel; he cannot open his mouth without the danger of victimisation.

We have tried to speak plainly and to the point because we do genuinely fail to see any connection between the theory taught us and the present economic system; only by facing these questions honestly can dissatisfaction, resentment, cant and hypocrisy be avoided.

REVISION OF CONSTITUTION COMMITTEE.

"When Wessex went to battle for the creed."—*Chesterton*.

W. L-WR-NC.

"I cannot eat but little meat
My stomach is not good."—*John Still*.

THIS COMMUNISM.



ACCORDING to some members of this College, they have discovered a panacea for all our ills, a cure for the depression, a sort of political, economic and social Number Nine—Communism. This, they say, will give school-masters the jobs they seek, will put an end to unemployment, will give the working class a living wage and decent conditions; in fact will do all, and more, than the other parties claim they will do. But where they differ from the other parties is that they will let the working man do it all for himself. By accepting Communism we shall all, except, of course, the "bourgeois," live in peace and prosperity with nothing to do except eat, sleep and work, work, work.

Now, the Communist claims that the greatest evil of modern society is the class system—the system by which one man sits at a desk and gives orders and makes all the money, while the others sell him their labour at a price hardly sufficient to keep body and soul together. These latter are called wage-slaves, or better, the proletariat. This proletariat must rise and take the power out of the hands of the man at the desk, and use it for its own ends. The capitalist, or "bourgeois" must be suppressed, and thus form the classless society, which is only classless because all classes other than the proletariat have been so effectively suppressed, by persecution of various kinds, that they do not count in a Communist state. This was done so well in Russia that Stalin found it necessary to give the Kulaks back their political freedom in order to carry through his agricultural policy.

The hall-mark of the British Communist Party is their hate of the intellectual. Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Middleton Murry, and many others must not be listened to. They are intellectuals. They were not born members of the proletariat, whose ignorance of public affairs is so colossal that usually they cannot even run the finances of their local parties properly. It is by this means, without the help of men who have studied methods and means of government that the Communist Party is going to turn Britain into a veritable Utopia. Is it to be presumed that they will carry out their governing of the country with the same tact and common-sense that they display at public meetings, and that their leaders will be immune from such human failings as greed and vanity, and in no way be prone to the attacks of megalomania which effect every petty dictator, of which they will supply many? They have been very active in their opposition to the Sedition Bill, which will limit their freedom of speech; and yet under Communism there will be a ruthless suppression

of all who dare to express views in any way opposed to those of the government hierarchy. We can believe tales of freedom of speech in Russia as much as we can believe Hitler's official unemployment figures.

Every day we find our lives becoming more and more dependent upon the machine. All manner of things which previously had to be done by hand—by the individual—are being done for us by machinery. This all tends to make our lives more humdrum and to lessen the personal element in our work. The Communist would have us still more mechanised, still more stereotyped. We must all be stamped out in the same way, with minds that work in the approved ethical Marxist manner. Everything is to be governed by this new theoretical code, which will replace all those conventions and traditions which have grown up through the ages and which have so successfully stood the test of time. Before doing anything we must first think whether it would be ethical and in accordance with this new code. The whole basis of Communism makes it necessary for us all to think in the same way, to work in the same way, with always the interests of the State in our minds, and presumably to love in the same way, which should solve the divorce problem. By this means our lives would become terribly monotonous, because all those little variations in life, which make it bearable, and which are of necessity the products of an unplanned life, would be absent. Communism would undoubtedly lead to the suppression of the individual, by that to loss of personality, and in this way we should lose many a genius.

Life must give us something more than food and economics. A Communist's Utopia may sound very nice to an overworked man, but we should very soon tire of it. In this age of machines and monotony we must have variety and colour, which the dour ethics of Marx are not prepared to give us.

J. B-CH-RD AND BUGLE.

"What is this that roareth thus?"—*A. Godley.*

PROF. P-NT-.

"Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions cut and dry."—*Swift.*

S. S. H. MEN.

"I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile."—*Henry VI, part I.*

ON HEARING RAVEL'S "GASPARD DE LA NUIT."



HE staring leprous whiteness of the moon
Peers through the skeletons of bare black trees.
Swished into eerie movement in the breeze
Dry shrivelled leaves twirl to the rasping tune
Of whining gibbet chains ; the deathly swoon
Of night winds swiftly stilling falls : they freeze
Into silence. Then in new intricacies
They twist and turn, a restless flurry. Soon
Ghosts of past ages join the weary dance
Whirling mechanically till the scourge
Drives them with ruthless lashing to the ground.
Striving to grasp the whole significance,
Thy spirit swayed by one incessant urge
Unsatisfied, faints in the poignant sound.



THOSE QUIET DAYS.



COOLED hours and ever days
come ending and at home
space is a camel weary
returning alone to those full, uneasy,
unquiet ways. Arm about the shoulders,
her head on my shoulder and quiet days
gather, come and gather.

And war is rolling on
over the midsummer,
past the afternoon
and quiet days.

Where shall we rest then
my love when the sky is warm
and air is stinking death
and death is writhing warm
and gone our quiet days ?

We will not leave quiet, determined,
first of all resigned,
our eyes only opened . . .

THE HIGHFIELD HALL PICTURES.



OUR modern oil paintings, most generously lent to Highfield Hall by the Master of University College, Oxford, have given rise to such keen discussion that the editorial staff of the *West Saxon* has invited a notice of them. What they have in common is to be the work, within the last fifteen years, of English artists not yet widely known; but as they are representative of different schools they must be considered separately. No pontifical artistic judgment is intended, for though, to quote W. J. Turner in the *New Statesman and Nation* recently, "the words 'I like it' or 'I dislike it' or 'it leaves me indifferent' have a final absoluteness which no argument can achieve," yet "one has to earn the right to make such remarks, otherwise they are mere empty gestures."

"Wish you were here," by John Cooper, is technically the most competent of the four, and to many people the most interesting. It is a study, in soft broken colour, almost like pastel, of two young holiday-makers who sit, writing letters, at the end of a sea-side pier. Visually (and let us remember a medieval definition of beauty, "id quod visum placet") this picture is agreeable; its deliberately restricted range of blue, yellow and brown, dominated by gradations of white, is pleasing to the eye, and the solid curves and massive grouping of the bodies are satisfying; they are "right," it is impossible to think of them otherwise. Yet there are people who are violently repelled by the picture, and the explanation of this, since it touches a major problem of criticism, is worth suggesting. Cooper was hating the two women themselves, although they provided what he wanted for his composition; and hating them not individually, but as symbols of a kind of civilisation which seemed to him coarse and stupid. So their sturdy sunburned arms and their white-cotton-stockinged legs are painted, not with the joy and gusto that inspired Rubens to masterpieces, but with an undercurrent of contempt, the same contempt with which the wrought-iron monstrosity of the municipal seat and lamp-post is indicated. This is, in fact, social satire as well as artistic creation and so it produces both ethical and aesthetic emotion, which, though they are separable, may occur simultaneously and from one cause. But it seems likely that, to give maximum of delight, a work of art must arouse feelings that run parallel, reinforcing one another, even though they are different in quality; that if one likes the appearance of a picture and nevertheless dislikes its moral content, this conflict of values will eventually destroy pleasure.

The most traditional, and therefore the most immediately acceptable of the pictures is "Starbotton," a landscape in Wharfedale, by Raymond Coxon. There is no open challenge in its quiet relations of house-shapes and hill-shapes and tree-shapes, or in its low-toned contrasts of grey and green. But the artist, all the same, is of the twentieth century; he would not have done such work if Cezanne had not been before him with the revolutionary statement: "I have not tried to reproduce Nature, I have represented it." We are not offered a transcription of what was within the field of vision, but an impression, by simplification both of form and of colour, of the underlying pattern of the scene.

Those who like "A Conference," by Raymond McIntyre, at all, like it immensely; it is a group of three women with a perambulator, outside some area railings; a gay and amusing piece of decoration in bright flat colours. Here it is particularly easy to distinguish parallel reactions. There is a picture-book pleasure, made up of curiosity in what they are talking about and who they are; of memories, tapping a store of happy associations, of watching such confabulations in the sunlit streets of foreign towns; of delight in the Hammersmith production of the *Beggar's Opera*. Yet it is possible to set all this aside and to enjoy the picture just as pattern. It is surprisingly unrepresentational, in spite of all that can be read into it. The women are ovoid shapes, balanced by three upright pillars (the gate-posts), balanced in turn by three round-headed arches (the doorways), and the colours of these shapes are caught up and formally repeated by objects in the background which only imagination allows us to call "trees," "grass plot" or "house." But because we can attach these labels, because our minds are thus satisfied, we are freed from intellectual inhibitions and left able to feel, directly, that visual comfort which is the first purpose of a picture.

When there are no such labels, as in "Abstraction," by Francis Butterfield, a purely formal composition of shapes and colours, partly two—and partly three—dimensional, it is no wonder that the intellectual inhibitions are severe. Many people have tried so busily to invent labels (and these, though irrelevant, have been amusing and ingenious enough) that they have avoided any direct sensuous reaction to the picture itself; yet someone to whom it was suggested that the vital question was, not "what does it mean?" but "do I like to look at it?" seemed both relieved and pleased.

The truth is that although the satisfaction to be gained from pictures is simple and, literally, child-like, we can now only achieve

it through effort, because our minds are obsessed by preconceived ideas. We are so accustomed to the "meaning-for-life" appearances, to seeing, not what we actually see, but what we know to be there, that we insist that the artist should tell us what is there. We find it extraordinarily hard to accept from him just the statement of what he sees ; but this we must do, if we are really to like pictures.



AU CRÉPUSCULE.



WHEN the green dusk like leaves from some still tree,
Flutters to earth and covers house and town,
The picture that you gave me I take down
And gaze and gaze until I seem to see . . .
You by that water's edge of mist-like grey,
And me the figure standing by your side . . .
It seems almost as though we two had died
To water sheep at dusk eternally.
That windmill on the skyline's distant rim,
Those stock-still sheep that drink with thirst unslaked,
The blue dusk sky with starshine faintly flaked,
And you and I beside the water's brim,
I dream . . . and see you laughing in your bed,
And love flames laughing in your child's blue eyes,
And dusk falls softly from soft English skies,
And your fair curls a halo round your head . . .

MISS G. L. H-NT.

"There was never, to my mind
Such a funny mouth, for it would not shut."—*Browning.*

MISS. L. P-L.

"Under the Greenwood tree . . ." *As you like It.*

P. B. M-NST-N-

"His wide slit mouth bisected his purple face."—*Dr. Faül.*

WORLD ATHLETICS IN A LOVELY CITY.



THE Garden of Eden with its perfect Man and Woman, beautiful human beings in surroundings of natural loveliness, was the ideal state from which we sinful but contented creatures are said to have fallen to our present white sepulchral condition of Modern Progress. Centuries of experience by which to make our Eden a paradise brought the guns and slime of Flanders, and the blood of Austria and Italy staining the virgin whiteness of lovely Dolomite snow-fields. Thus has international hatred and rivalry smirched our inheritance.

Next summer at Budapest, that international rivalry will find a happier outlet in the University Games, with prizes not changed frontiers, but fine sport and the pride of physical prowess and achievement. In a city whose delights and peculiar charm can never be adequately portrayed, the cream of the Student athletes from forty nations will assemble to prove that modern man can be as perfect a physical specimen as his mythical ancestor; and Budapest, "Queen of the Danube," will show with a sunny smile her intimate relation with the fabled Garden.

It is difficult for citizens of our pleasant but murky land, where a hundred Belisha beacons loom up through the fog on Piccadilly to steady the clutching hand of the belated reveller, and where the worshipful aspidistra rears its noble shapeliness in every Victorian window, to picture through the gloom of December days a sunny city of tall towers and proud palaces, divided by the sparkling waters of the Danube: Buda and Pest, twin pearls cut by a blue ribbon. Instinct tells me the blue will probably be rather dark when Oxford athletes return after next summer, for many like myself inhabit the "city of gleaming spires" when they would otherwise be receiving their education! But we were speaking of a foreign city whose nights are resplendent with gleaming lights that match the internal flame (if one is so indulgent) of Tokay, a king of wines that ensnares its loyal subjects into believing that they are pouring its nectar into kings; such temptations are not for the athlete until his race is won, but remain a consolation for his more humble confreres who are mere spectators, whose past athletic triumphs—tales of mystery and imagination—make them long again, as they sip cool drinks in a shady corner and watch athletic heroes straining in a broiling sun, for the days when they were "doing the hundred in ten seconds dead, Sir."

Foreign spectators and athletes alike, will share the real delight of Hungary's capital for the visitor. Buda with its Fortress Hill,

crowned by the mansions of the old aristocracy and its magnificent Royal Palace, the pinnacles of Fisher's Bastion and Coronation Church topping a river frontage already splendid with shimmering lights and gay promenades, preserves in subdued tone the memory of past ages and alone repays the trouble of a journey to enjoy its grandeur. A series of great bridges span the Danube and communicate with Pest, the cultural, social and commercial heart of Hungary, pulsating with laughter and animation ; it has its own Champs Elysees, the long Andrassy Avenue, and the finest Parliament Buildings on the Continent, situated like our own on the river, convenient for the disposal of unwanted Ciceros. Any voluble stream of redundant rhetoric could not, however, dim the glory of the Danube, a noble stream whose sweet music Strauss has made immortal. The vivacity of the waltz leads us to speak of the stirring beauty of the city's musical life and of her great dramatic culture ; of Hungarian folk songs and traditional gypsy life ; of evenings spent in the dazzling brilliance of the city, or finding romance by the water's edge on the quieter side, watching the reflections and stars until one wonders where the lights end and the firmament begins.

Budapest and its delights alone provide inexhaustible material for a long holiday ; but visitors to the games should not forget the Hungarian village, country life and landscape which go to make up Hungarian Romance. They will be equally happy sporting on the shores of great Lake Balaton, further afield on the prairie with the fast-riding cowboy, or in a canoe drifting lazily downstream, varying at will the delights of hot sun and cool waters.

Such is the centre for the sixth International University Games—the greatest athletic event of 1935—taking place in perfect surroundings. To it will troop the finest youth of every country to enjoy contests in rowing, swimming, water polo, tennis, football, athletics and gymnastics ; and there will also go many, like the writer, drawn by the magnetism of athletic contest but prone to be a sleepy serpent watching perfect forms in the fruitful Garden and partaking of its delights in slumbrous ease.

The object of the above article is to draw the attention of students to the International University Games which will take place at Budapest in August, 1935. In co-operation with the N.U.S. and the Hungarian representative now touring British Universities in order to popularise the Games, we are printing each term a short article submitted to us, dealing in some way with this very important athletic event. It is hoped in this way that the enthusiasm of students will be aroused, and some will avail themselves of the extraordinary cheap facilities for visiting Budapest next summer as spectators to the Games.

CULTURE.



PRECISELY what is the aim and function of a university education has never yet been adequately explained. Even those with the most experience of it have never been able to say in a few brief words what they think this aim should be. Opinions differ. On the one side there are those who regard it as a pleasant postponement of the more serious realities of life ; to others it has strictly a utilitarian value ; others again, obsessed by a sanguine mysticism, think that an "indefinable something," as a Cambridge undergraduate once expressed it to me, is the university's chief contribution to the individual's mental make-up ; a further popular view holds that the chief end and aim of such education is to inculcate something known vaguely as "culture." It is with this last view that I wish to deal.

This word "culture" is usually introduced to us at about the age of sixteen, an age when we are eager and willing to have new ideas and new concepts brought to our notice. A great change often comes over our mental outlook ; we become idealists ; often we become literary enthusiasts—in extreme cases, cranks ; we have an utter contempt for the vulgar, the blatant, the popular, and are wrapped up in a tiny new world of our own, the world of aesthetics hitherto hidden from our sight. Being young, self-opinionated, obstinate, and nearly always wrong in our judgments, we nevertheless have aspirations which will never again have such a powerful effect on us. These aspirations are put into practice in a variety of ways. Some can only seek for this illusive "culture" by their own individual efforts, others, supposedly lucky, are able to carry out their search for it by the logical method of a university education, crowning their efforts with the magic letters B.A. or B.Sc., as the case may be. Then, in the world's eyes they are finished, they are educated, they are "cultured." Are they ? And if they are, are they really so superior to those poor unfortunates living in the outer darkness of ignorance, who never weep or shout for joy when they behold a daffodil, who never sit entranced when they hear the musical gymnastics of a string quartet, and never appreciate the sartorial elegance of wearing a yellow bow with a green shirt and blue plus-fours ?

There is no doubt that the majority of us, when we first make our entrance into College are conscious of the need for this "culture" and are anxious to take the opportunity of acquiring it. But how many of us, by the time the end of our stay here comes to a close, feel that we are more "cultured" than we were before, or are even sorry

for the fact ; how many of us, when we reach our post-graduate year, try to forget everything that we have learnt of the subject of our choice, the subject about which we were so enthusiastic when we started ? If we came here with a contempt for films, how soon was it before we began to make our weekly visits to the cinema, purposely selecting those films which require the least mental effort for their appreciation ? If, in those superior sixth-form days we looked upon the practice of dancing as a pernicious and futile occupation, were we not soon to be seen making our surreptitious attempts to master the intricate art ? And how many of us, intelligentsia in our early days, could long survive the appeal of the multifarious distractions of College life, few of which have any connection with poetry or music or painting, the mental nourishment of the "cultured ?"

If these generalisations hold true, if the majority of us have forgotten our pretence to culture and have fallen in line with the popular view, then university education may be considered a failure. Instead of finding the culture we longed for we are worse off than we were before. We have only wasted our time and money.

Let us just for the moment compare ourselves, stripped as we are of the ideals with which we came to College, with those few lone souls who have survived with their "culture" intact. There are two types of lowbrow. There are those cheerfully unintelligent people who cannot think because they are incapable of thinking and whose minds never rise above the mundane, the vulgar, and the "Daily Mail." The vast majority of us, however, belong to a different type. We will willingly think if there is sufficient incentive for us to do so, we will discuss, often quite eloquently, such things as politics, literature or music, but only because of the intellectual pleasure we get out of the argument, or because we like to hear our own voices. At least seventy-five per cent. of the members of this College are not interested in the cultural side of life for its own sake, and will rarely take the trouble to pursue it individually for its intrinsic merit. We always take the easier of two alternatives. If the choice lies between dance music and the classics the former usually wins ; if between poetry and the newspaper, poetry has no chance ; if between Shakespeare and musical comedy the immortal voice of all time takes second place to the banalities of modern lyric writers. Only when we have no choice, or when we are specially primed in some way or other do we choose the intrinsically better of the two means of entertainment. No one can fail to admit the truth of this ; let us be honest with ourselves and put all cant aside.

If that is true about the majority of us, what have we to say about the real, blue-blooded highbrow, the unmistakable product of that select stock who have their calling written plainly all over them? They are the genuine "cultured" people. Ask them and they will tell you it is a fact. Observe for yourself their special habits. A peculiar disregard of the aesthetic appeal of dress is a marked symptom, varying in intensity according to the potency of the disease. These people also have particularly volatile spirits although their outward appearance might lead the unobservant to a different conclusion. To test their degree of volatility certain experiments should be carried out. Suggest the word "jazz" and you will be withered with a look; offer to take them to the cinema and they will feign contempt, not because they fear they would not enjoy it, but because they might inadvertently laugh in spite of themselves, and thus upset their whole well-organised "cultural fabric"; in fact, mention any mode of pleasure that is practised by the ordinary man and you will immediately arouse scorn or unaccountable anger. The "cultured" person of this type is a social anachronism; on no account must we allow our desire for the higher things of life to exercise such a powerful influence that we become like this.

It is with varieties of this sort that we are confronted when we enter College. Each of us has to choose for himself what he will become, whether he will join the ranks of the select few, who try to pose as intellectuals, who represent the sham of "culture" in our midst, or whether he will see through it all and choose the middle path between intellectual snobbery on the one hand, and empty vulgarity and gross ignorance on the other. The middle path is the only true path, the only way in which the individual can benefit profitably from his university education. Culture is not culture if it provides food for the intellect alone, it must provide adequate sustenance for the maintenance and growth of the social self. The mind must, therefore, be capable of mixing with other minds of varying degrees of intelligence, range and interest, and must be able to take pleasure in a large number of directions. If something like this happens to us during our university career the university has not failed, our time and money have not been wasted. We may have come here to seek for "culture" and failed to find it. But we have attained much greater things, more vital needs if we are to make a success of our lives afterwards. We have attained a catholicity of outlook, a wider range of interests and a better understanding of one another, things in themselves which make up a real culture, very different from the narrow conventions that we are too often inclined to accept as culture itself.

YOUTH.

"**Y**OUNG fool!" they said. So old they were ; so wise;
A faint sneer curled their lips ; with bleared eyes
Half-closed they shook their head and smoothly said,
"Some future year perhaps, when we are dead,
You'll grow more wise, and then at length you'll find
The truth of what we said. No longer blind
You'll see that life is rotten to the core,
And happiness is but a name, and love no more
Than ashes in the mouth—or merely lust,
And beauty crumbles into bitter dust."
—For they were old—And I, I laughed to see
Their great all-wiseness, pompous senility.
Proud of their petty wisdom let them go
These mean of soul, despondently and slow
Through the chill twilight of the after years.
Little care I for their dim hopes and fears.
Has not life great things in store ? Is't not sweet
To feel the sting of rain upon our cheek ; to meet
An old tried friend ; to laugh ; to hear good talk,
Or music stirring deep our soul ; to walk
Beneath the splendour of the stars, alone ;
To love ; to feel that all our being is one
With God ; to have immortal youth ?



T. D. CLASS AND PROF. C-CK.

"Could I but teach a hundredth part
Of what I learned from thee."—*Wordsworth.*

MISS K. -LL-S.

"But who is this? What thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
With all her bravery on."—*Milton.*

BETHESDA.



EE the crowd oppressed with care,
Waiting ever waiting there ;
Mark the hush, the expectant air,
All await the Spirit fair.
The pool once more has power to save,
An Unseen Hand has moved the wave,
The shining pool Bethesda.
Into a vast cathedral stray,
Catch the sun's departing ray
Glim'ring through the cloisters grey ;
Mystic rapture quiets the gay,
The Holy Presence awes the brave,
An Unseen Hand has stirred the wave,
The rippling pool Bethesda.
Hear the mighty organ roar,
Thunder and crash, then gently soar
Till it reaches heaven's door,
And unlocks the sacred Store,
Shows what Paradise affords—
An Unseen Hand has struck the chords,
The moving wave Bethesda.
Stand alone on a wind-swept hill,
List, the breezes soft and shrill,
Mingle with the birds' sweet trill,
Chase the leaves in the rippling rill.
Nature at last reveals Life's goal,
An Unseen Hand has touched the soul,
The surging sea Bethesda.



GOOD INTENTIONS.



THOMAS Henry always was something of a fool, a likeable fellow enough, but an awful idiot. His remarks weren't really foolish if you could remember what everyone else had finished talking about ten minutes ago. He went about like a moonstruck calf, and when he noticed that he had blundered into something, he would smile in an apologetic way, meekly begging the pardon of the woman or the gate post he had hit. He was an obliging youth, who did his best to please everyone and never seemed to resent the ungrateful words with which he was thanked.

When old Bill asked him if he'd get in some food for some friends who were coming to tea, Thomas Henry said he wouldn't mind. Eventually he sailed into Bill's room with some parcels, his calfy brown eyes shining with pleasure, and said "The bread's from Evans's, the cheese from Thomas's and the beer from the Bassett Arms. Jolly appropriate, what?" Bill had a few words to say on the appropriateness of bottles of Bass for entertaining his lady friends to Sunday tea, and loudly asked him what he should say when the women turned up. Thomas Henry looked troubled at the problem, and went away. Half an hour later he turned up with a scrap of paper, which he delivered hopefully, remarking that he didn't know the lady but he thought this was playing safe. Very appropriate, What? Bill read on the paper,

My heart is like a singing bird

Whose nest is in a watered shoot.

He didn't read any more, but no one quite caught what he said about the suggestion. Thomas Henry's troubled brown eyes gazed at Bill, while the other fellows made encouraging remarks to the hefty singing bird, who finally evaded giving a demonstration by reason of the palpable exhaustion occasioned by his address to Thomas Henry. Thomas Henry didn't blink, and when Bill had finished he said, "Perhaps I could find a more suitable little poem." Bill didn't seem to be able to express himself for a minute, then he gave Thomas to understand that he had intended to make it clear that he didn't think a poetical welcome was suitable to his personality. Thomas Henry thought he understood, and contributed a tin of fruit.

There was a rumour that he had been well brought up in the elegancies of etiquette and polite conversation, which probably accounted for his peculiar distinctiveness; and for this reason he was invited to share the feast. He proved himself a model host, distributing tea and biscuits and delightfully pointless remarks, in his gentle

fashion. Odd scraps of poems and plays of dubious appropriateness flowed from him ; but the disaster came with the fruit salad. In some unaccountable way he managed to upset it over Bill's best beloved. He gazed horror-stricken at the woman with the cherry in her hair and the syrup streaming down her neck ; then his face cleared and he said, "Sweets to the sweet. Really appropriate, what ?"



DISILLUSIONMENT.

THE yellow street-lamp sheds an isle of light.
I stand beneath. Around me gloom
And shapes half-hostile. The yellow moon
Leers at me like a jaundiced face from out the night.

Unregulated stretch the city streets,
And God and all the ancient gods are dead—
I carry empty names within my head,
Handed to fools by hypocrites and cheats.

You turn away with pity in your look.
You think me bitter, lonely, sad and bad.
From your high towers of kindness you had
A broader view of life. I hate your look.

I hate you and your petty pitying ways,
Your thousand silly rules and ways of life.
Mine be your hate and loathing mine be strife,
Scorn is a better tribute than your praise.



SEE YOU IN REFEC.



COVERED Way like a stream in full spate ; icy winds howling round the huts ; students scurrying to Refec.

Steam room in a Turkish bath. Ghastly fug. Tea, coffee, cocoa, hot dogs, cold cats, hard boiled eggs and Wild Woodbines. Hubbub of shrieking women and noisy men. Lots of time to watch the show, scrumming to the fodder.

Crowd of emancipated females heartily men hating, crowd of matric. women obviously not. Devil of a racket in the far corner. Wilting dame, divinely tall and most divinely fair, aloof among a swarm of howling banshees. Human megaphone in full blast, no darn chance of escape from the row. Heap of fellows telling yarns, heads together in smoke ; break up in roars of mirth. Another spot of psych. Other chaps crowd round to hear the latest. Attractive creepers adorn the counter. Lively wench presiding nearby ; monopoly of fat stock ; holding the market in bhoys. Cherubic babe descends from the vapours up the narrow way ; his heavenly raiment streaming. Motley crew in the offing all sizes and shapes ; swaggering Dick shouldering the cads round ; masculine supremacy over there. Communist intelligentsia smoking pipes. The beaux and the wits in the corner entertaining the fair sex. One serious student sipping tea ; sole prop of learning.

But enough. For she than whom there is no fairer has graced this blessed spot. Two with sugar please.



AT HIGH TABLE.

STATOR : "Are you tripe?" 1.

Mr. GREEN : "Yes !"

STATOR : "Are you melon?" 2.

Mr. QUINN : "Yes" (diminuendo).

1. Var. Rara Avis recently retrieved from wild state.

2. Local variant for particular state of melancholy.

"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT."



HE policy of the Stage Society is one of ambition: The President himself admitted that their aim was not to provide shallow entertainment or cheap melodrama, but to present to the public plays of an unusual kind, possessing not only literary and dramatic merit, but having as their themes, problems of vital importance for every thinking man and woman.

It was presumably with this very laudable object in mind that we were honoured with "*A Bill of Divorcement*" by Clemence Dane, a play which apparently has all these virtues. It certainly has a very good theme. A man, certified as incurably insane as a result of shell-shock during the War suddenly returns, after eighteen years, to a wife who has recently divorced him, and who is just about to marry another. What is she to do? Is she to do her duty and remain with the man she has forgotten and whom she no longer loves, or is she to seek her own happiness by a fresh marriage even though it brings misery to her former husband? Here is a real problem, full of dramatic possibilities, and provocative of thought even in the most impassive mind.

Granting this much to the play, how far has the author succeeded in dramatising this very important theme in an interesting manner? It is just at this point, I think, that we can find fault with "*A Bill of Divorcement*" and criticise the Stage Society on their choice. Clemence Dane has made a poor attempt to put her chosen theme into dramatic form. Like many authors of "problem" plays she has paid too much attention to the problem involved, and not enough to the needs of the theatre. To carry off this sort of play successfully and entertainingly—and, after all, one goes to the theatre primarily for entertainment—very good dramatic technique is necessary. This is what "*A Bill of Divorcement*" lacks. It is a slow play with too much talk and too little action. This note of inactivity is struck right from the beginning and one feels that the play is never going to start at all. Then, suddenly, with the unexpected return of Hilary Fairfield the situation becomes tense and for a time the interest of the audience is held. But it is all spoilt by the last Act which is a complete failure, so that one breathed a sigh of relief when the final curtain dropped. By the weakness of the third Act the author has let us down badly. After arousing interest and anticipation by the events of the first two Acts, we are presented with the situation of Margaret Fairfield running off with Gray Meredith, and her daughter Sydney, aged seventeen, promising to stay and look after her unhappy father, and abandon all

thoughts of marriage for his sake. One cannot help feeling that this is an ineffective and improbable solution of a difficult problem.

Because of the play's lack of stage-effectiveness the work of producer and cast was made all the more arduous. They had to hold the audience for over two hours by means of a good deal of not very brilliant dialogue put into the mouths of some very indifferent and insipid characters. Further, they had to do this while remaining all the time in a state of immobility. In spite of all these adverse conditions the Stage Society are to be congratulated on performing a difficult and unenviable task well, for the play is one that calls forth considerable acting ability if the audience is not to be bored. A play may be difficult to produce for two reasons. On the one hand the characterization may be so subtle that no actor can get sufficiently behind the author's mind to interpret his part satisfactorily, or on the other hand, it may be so weak that even the greatest actor can give little life to it. "*A Bill of Divorcement*" came perilously near to being a play of the latter class.

Among the individuals the outstanding performance was that of Barker as Hilary Fairfield. True he had the only part in the play that offered real scope for the actor, but even making allowance for this advantage, his was one of the best pieces of acting seen on the College stage of recent years. He may have tended to over-act at times, but there was so much sincerity and true feeling put into it that this deficiency can be pardoned.

So much did Barker's performance stand out that it becomes difficult to distinguish the work of other individuals. Perhaps among these however one must pick out Miss Barr's portrayal of Sydney Fairfield as the best. She might not have been quite what the author intended her to be, but there was a straightforward naturalness and absence of self-consciousness about her acting that was very refreshing and very real. If only she had possessed a little more vivacity and girlishness her performance would have been even better.

Miss Webb, who had to play the unattractive part of Margaret Fairfield, a vacillating and weak-minded woman, was, one feels, up against something rather beyond her capabilities. Her part was so important, yet the dramatist had provided so inadequately by rather poor characterization, that for an amateur to make anything out of it was very difficult indeed. Probably a much greater effect would have been produced had she been less consistent throughout, and appeared more spirited on occasions. Her lover, Gray Meredith, played by Silsby would have been a greater success had he been more ardent in his love, and showed something more than careless unconcern

towards the object of his affections. As it was, one wonders just a little why he managed to captivate Margaret Fairfield so easily. The other lover, Kit Pumphrey, played by A. R. Brown was a pretty thankless part, but Brown might have made more of it if he had learned to drape himself about the stage more effectively. As it was, he seemed to be perpetually lost, and on one occasion particularly, in the third Act, he made one feel quite giddy by walking across the stage and back again for an incredible number of times with his hands alternately in and out of his pockets.

Among the minor characters Miss Gommer played the stereotyped part of the maiden aunt, Miss Hester Fairfield with great dignity and not a little humour; Geddes gave us a very efficient doctor in Dr. Alliott but could do nothing with the part as it lacked the merest semblance of personality; Cox, as the Rev. Christopher Pumphrey—a part which seems entirely superfluous—gave us a very amusing parson in the traditional manner. Whether the author intended such a representation perhaps you can decide for yourselves. Lastly, we had the perfect maid in Miss Turner as Bassett.

On the whole a sound performance though not a brilliant one. The play was difficult to produce because it possessed a difficult theme which the author has failed to make dramatically effective. But one must remember that the Stage Society is ambitious, and ambition has its price.



CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor, The West Saxon,

DEAR SIR,



IN our first term at College we wrote you a letter which you were good enough to publish in your issue of Spring Term, 1932, pointing out how much we sincerely hoped that this College would grow to be a singularly worthy place of which all Students would be inordinately proud. Now some two and a half years later we are gratified to see the great progress which has been made in some directions. In the realm of sport the fame of the College has been carried afield ; by the generosity of friends the buildings are becoming worthy of University status ; but the most vital part of a University is the Students themselves ; and they have scarcely progressed with the same rapidity. Efforts must come not only from the authorities but from both sides equally, and in this direction Students should develop that sense of responsibility which they have already in a measure acquired.

The whole idea of what a University is and what is required of Students seems insufficiently borne in mind. Although the academic is of primary importance it is not the only side to student life. There are ideals for which every student should strive—to be an integral if not important part of the machinery which leads Youth to a full and fine manhood through the ways of student life—to know that his college is greater than any other college—to know he is going to leave it, having given just that addition which his whole-hearted enthusiasm, respect and devotion can give. He shares the glory of a victory in whatsoever it may be, and his college shares the pride of his own individual attainments. The running of student affairs is a matter for everybody and not a task to fall on the shoulders of a few as is at present the case—a few against whom complaints and criticism are levelled from time to time by those who make no effort to fulfil their obligations, nor to remedy those defects which are apparent to them. This contention is amply borne out by the lack of support accorded to Union functions, and the small percentage of votes cast at elections ; a state of affairs which does not make the officials conscious of that whole-hearted backing which should exist, and which would considerably lighten their task. There is a smug self-satisfaction resulting in a failure to see that the success of all depends upon the efforts of all. This is our own college and our own

responsibility ; when a realisation of these things comes about we can consider ourselves worthy to be a University.

Let us all, therefore, bear in mind our joint responsibility—for failure even more than success must be placed to the account of all equally.

Yours sincerely,
GOG AND MAGOG.

The Editor, The West Saxon,

SIR,

Will you allow me, through the medium of your pages, to make more generally known the fact that the Union Constitution is under process of revision.

The Students' Council feel that a long-needed re-adjustment of the Constitution should be put into practical effect, and for this purpose a sub-Committee has been appointed and has already had several lengthy meetings involving considerable research. The Constitution as it at present stands, is far from complete and in many cases admits of more than one interpretation, so that it is imperative to make serious alterations to rectify omissions and delete or amend clauses at present ineffective or obsolete.

The sub-Committee is faced with a long and somewhat difficult task and it is obvious from the very first that it cannot hope to evolve a perfect Constitution devoid of faults, unless the co-operation of all is forthcoming. Therefore the sub-Committee would appreciate the assistance of anyone who has useful suggestions to offer.

May I add that the Secretary of the sub-Committee would be glad to receive such contributions as soon as possible.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

G. G. WHITEHEAD,
President of the Students' Union.

The Editor, The West Saxon,

SIR,

May I crave the courtesy of your pages in order to thank your correspondent "Liber" for the information about the conduct of the East London College Magazine, for which he so categorically vouches in your Summer Term issue.

"The existence of an O.T.C. censor at East London who rigorously excluded all anti-war articles from this college magazine"

appears to be known only to those who neither belong to the College nor contribute to its magazine.

I would further ask, if the fair minded attitude of the "Delicately pink" so admired by your correspondent, countenances the anonymous criticism of the affairs of another institution, especially when these appear in a medium most unlikely to evoke a reply? That these criticisms are made in obvious ignorance of the fact is, of course, no palliative.

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

ALFRED A. B. RUBENSTEIN,
President E.L.C. Union Soc.

To the Editor, West Saxon.

SIR,

Floating metaphorically in the air of College this term is the spectre of economy, engendered by the catastrophic numerical depletion of students in the last year. The gallant action of an Old Hartleyan, a Mancunian and exponent of hot rhythm both pedal and vocal, in returning to College has swelled the shotten resources dialectal, terpsichorean and financial of the body corporate. But with due respect to the shades of the late Mr. Willie Clarkson, was it necessary to muffle the dialect, trip up the light fantastic toe in order to save that quarter dozen of half-pence occasionally sacrificed by gentlemen in the purchase of those slim wafers of Sheffield steel that cull the beards luxuriant burgeonings?

Yours etc.,

ALLIART.

The Editor, West Saxon.

SIR,

I should like, by means of the *West Saxon*, to point out the unfortunate position in which the Soirée Committee finds itself this term. The situation, simply, is this—that the officials and members of the Committee are finding it increasingly difficult to make the Soirées successes financially. No one can deny that the Soirées are far greater social successes than they have been in the past, but it is evident that it will be quite impossible to run them in the future unless there is a far greater response from the students as a whole.

The reason for this lack of response may be attributed (rightly, up to a point) to the reduction in numbers in the College, but I venture to suggest that the greater fault lies in the general lack of interest of the individual towards social activities in the College, which lack is making it necessary for the Comité members almost to beg men and women to buy a ticket to save a Soirée from being a financial failure—a practice which, two or three years ago, was unnecessary and unknown. To those, if there are any, who would find fault with the way the Soirées are conducted, I would say that the Comité is always ready and eager to receive and consider any constructive criticism. The Comité is endeavouring to make the Union Ball which is to be run next term a particularly brilliant success and it would give its members the greatest of pleasure to be able to pay a substantial balance into the funds of the Students' Council, so I would appeal to everyone in the College to remember the date, January 26th, 1935, and to endeavour to give their whole-hearted support.

In conclusion, I should like to thank those who have patronised the Soirées this term; my quarrel is not with them but with two certain types of individual—the one who cannot arouse sufficient enthusiasm to be interested even in the idea of a Soirée, and the other who pleads ignorance of the rudiments of dancing, but who, in reality, cannot summon sufficient courage to venture out upon the dance floor.

Thanking you, Sir,

I am,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN BICHARD,

Hon. Sec. Soirée Committee.



E. B-LL-CK.

"With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,"—*Chesterton.*

MISS E. ST-LL-RD.

"She has always been a handful to control."—
Margaret Macnaman.



RUSSELL HALL.

IT is our pleasure to welcome all those men who had the honour of becoming members of Russell Hall this year, The "Fresher's Tea" was held at the beginning of the term, and the new members of the Hall were given the traditional advice to forget "the old school tie" in order to give their best to the social life of the College.

At the date of going to press we have enjoyed two entertainments; at the first, on October 27th, we were the hosts to a large party which went off in typical Russell fashion:—entertainment by the lads, dancing by the sociable and a large collection of diffident men at the back of the Hall. On November 3rd, we were entertained at Highfield Hall where novel competitions, games and sketch, plus the usual cosy atmosphere made the veriest misanthrope vote the evening a great success.

In conclusion, we would like to remind those juniors who have not yet come to an entertainment, that their own gain from College life will be proportionate to the amount of energy which they themselves give in return; ergo, whether you dance or not, do come along and make our shows the successes they have been in past years.

HIGHFIELD HALL.

Our numbers this term have been somewhat depleted, but not our activities, and so far we have had a most enjoyable session.

We were welcomed back to a garden still full of roses, and even now we have many irises. We gave our Entertainment on November 3rd, and we hope our guests enjoyed it as much as we did. Much

interest was aroused by the four modern pictures which have been lent to the Hall by Sir Michael Sadler.

On November 19th, the Principal kindly consented to come to dinner at Highfield and then to open a general discussion on religious topics. Unfortunately, he missed his way in the fog and only arrived in time for the discussion. We only hope the fog will not have deterred him from making a return visit as we all very much enjoyed and appreciated this first venture.

MONTEFIORE HALL.

In answer to the request to make these notes snappy, one can only say that up to the present Montefiore Hall has nothing to be particularly "snappy" about. With great misgivings we started this session, as our numbers had been sadly depleted by those gone done and we could count the Freshers on one hand. Despite their scarcity they were welcomed very heartily at the Annual Fresher's Tea and we wished there were more—Freshers of course. Since that event, however, new members have been dropping in at intervals, and give us hope that the extinction of the race of Montefiore is not imminent.

As regards our activities there is a temptation to say we have not done anything, without mentioning what has been done to us. We have to thank Russell Hall and New Hall very heartily for entertaining us so delightfully and hope as hostesses to meet them in the near future or to put it more precisely on November 24th.

NEW HALL.

After the first fortnight of term during which period the number of men in New Hall slowly diminished, we have now reached what we hope will be our smallest complement, namely one hundred. This is unfortunate as it upsets the symmetry for which the Hall was designed. However we hope that in the future we shall be up to full strength again.

New Hall is well-known for what is generally regarded as moaning, but this term we have definite grounds, and we feel that the rest of the College is in sympathy with us owing to the fact that our Warden is leaving us. Very few of us realise how much Mr. Anderson has done for New Hall and its inmates—in fact he has almost raised us above this status. It is with sincere regret and great trepidation regarding the future that we say goodbye to Andy and we wish him the best of luck in his new post.

There have been very noticeable improvements in the general appearance of the Common Room and Library as well as a further improvement in the food. These and many other blessings contributed to what we venture to hope was a successful Entertainment.

We have been entertained this term by Russell Hall and Highfield Hall and we should like to thank them for the very enjoyable evenings they gave us.

Before ending we should like to dispel a complete fallacy in the minds of many people that very little work is done in New Hall. We have only to point out our recent examination results in which one of our members distinguished himself by gaining the Neill Arnott Studentship in Chemistry, to prove our point.

P.S.—We should like to inform those present at our Entertainment that Mr. Handley was endeavouring to play the part of a bull.

SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

"Why, the way things 'as changed of late you'd never berlieve," said the old man of the Community. "Oh," said I, "What's happened?" "Well—p'raps you'd not notice at fust, but there be rare goings on if yer look inter things a bit—a promisin' young cove as used to be known as 'George' las' year, now be known as 'Mr. Smith, Sub-Warden': folks too be takin' a queer turn—they be d'velopin' a interest in constitootions and such like stuff—t'aint been done in my time." "Is that all?" I said. "No, not by no means it ain't,—there be stranger happenins than that by far—the 'ouse be 'aunted,—a strange 'orse goes a'trottin' by at night followed by an unearthly yell—I don't like it meself, danged if I do—you'd think a vengeance were goin' ter fall on us like which don't seem nat'ral for so rightjus a community as we be,—now if it were them folks over the way now."





A.F.C.



THREE elevens and only one pitch! In spite of this handicap, the Soccer Club is enjoying a successful season.

Early in the term, the selection of the teams proved a difficult problem because of illness and injury amongst the players. The 1st XI, owing to continual team changes became unsettled, but during the last six games the team has settled down into a well-balanced combination.

The match against King's, played in London, was lost 3-1. However, to date, we are unbeaten on our own pitch, and this alone should give confidence for the match against Exeter, to take place on December 1st.

The 2nd and 3rd elevens have turned out regularly, and with much success. The majority of the 3rd XI games have been away from home, and it speaks well for the enthusiasm of the team that no matches have been scratched owing to lack of players.

R.F.C.

So far we have been undergoing perhaps one of the most difficult periods in the history of the Club, as the reduction of the numbers of the College is just beginning to make itself felt. Our playing strength has been diminished and we find some difficulty in running two fifteens. Newcomers of any exceptional ability were few; while illness or injury has prevented several of last year's players from turning out regularly. Up to the present, then, we have been undergoing a period of team construction and training to adapt ourselves to one another's play. This has, as could only be expected involved a series of defeats, the heaviest being unfortunately against Bristol University. Through the whole of this period, however, the team remained undisheartened and on several occasions it has shown signs which justify hopes for the future, especially in the games against Salisbury and Trojans "A." At the moment we are glad to say the tide seems to be turning, and

two recent victories have had their appropriate psychological effect. The team appears to be settling down and we may look forward to the rest of the season with more confidence.

BOAT CLUB.

Things have been happening in the Boat Club of late. Early in the term we underwent a sort of minor revolution, resulting in the resignation of four members of the 1st VIII. This was in a sense, unfortunate, and the more regrettable because it seemed so highly unnecessary. Since then, however, we have had no further outbreaks and we may say that everything is now functioning very smoothly and satisfactorily. The keenness of all the members of the Club has never been more marked, as witness the fact that people turn out regularly for practice at seven a.m.—almost without a murmur. This we feel is a good thing, and a fair indication that the revolutionaries have not succeeded in doing an irreparable harm.

Perhaps the most pleasing feature of the term is the wealth of promising material that has appeared. The future of the Club under the circumstances seems to be well assured. Meanwhile we are doing what we can to maintain our reputation.

So far we have had only three races, all against East London College, and all resulting in victories. Our chief aim at the moment is to repeat the process with Bristol University, on December 8th.

The only really amusing incidents of the term have been supplied by our worthy and indefatigable coach. Up to date he has quite succeeded in piling up a Shell VIII on to a submerged wreck, and almost succeeded in turning a somersault in a tub-pair.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

The Club has been fortunate this year in that only four of last year's First XI have gone down. Their places, however, have been adequately filled, with the result that the team as a whole is considerably better than last year's. We started off well, winning seven of the first eight matches, one being drawn. Since then we have lost two and won one, but we still have every reason to believe that we shall improve on previous years' records against other Universities.

Although our numbers are extremely low we manage to run a Second XI who always acquit themselves well.

The First XI match record to date is :—

| <i>Played</i> | <i>Won</i> | <i>Lost</i> | <i>Drawn</i> | <i>Goals</i> | |
|---------------|------------|-------------|--------------|--------------|----------------|
| | | | | <i>For</i> | <i>Against</i> |
| 11 | 8 | 2 | 1 | 43 | 24 |



CHRISTIAN UNION.



HAVE you all been having a good time this term? We have. The fellowship we find in our Union and the joy of living with a purpose have helped us more than anything else in College life. If you have not tried any of our meetings (prayer meetings every Mon., Tues., Thurs., at 1.20 p.m. in room 11, and Bible Study on Wed., at 8.30 a.m.) try some next term. We have had, besides these, two general meetings, so watch our notice board, and, what is more important come and join with us.

TOC H. L.W.H.

Toc H. L.W.H. which was started in College just a year ago has continued to be active throughout the term. The number of probationers has risen to 18. The group meets once a fortnight on Wednesdays, usually at Highfield Hall, but occasionally at College.

Professor Cock gave the address to the freshers, outlining the history and aims of the movement; Miss Sparshott, who attended the Lamplighting Festival at the Albert Hall, gave an account of this at the next meeting. Miss Monica Hill from headquarters has visited us this term and we hope to have her for a week-end during next term. The Rev. Rham has consented to be our padre. We shall welcome any women, either from Montefiore or Highfield, staff or students, who care to join our numbers.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.

The Student Christain Movement is a fellowship of students who desire to understand the Christain faith and live the Christain life: only so far as the S.C.M. in this College does this is it of any importance. The organisation itself is of no importance except as a means of

helping people to discover what Christianity is about and to relate what they discover to their own lives.

This year's activities of S.C.M. in Southampton have been planned with a view to achieving this end. The principal way in which we are trying to help ourselves and other people to gain a fuller understanding of what Christianity is and its relevance to ourselves and the world to-day is by arranging a series of talks. The object of these talks is to give people a chance of hearing from an "expert in religion" what the essentials of the Christian faith are and whether it has any relation to our lives and to the social and political problems of the present day. The talks under the general title "Is Christianity dead" will be in the hands of Mr. McEwan Lawson, M.A., B.D., and they will take place during the first week of next term, Tuesday, January 19th, at lunch time (1.20) and there will be ample opportunity for discussion throughout the week.

The work of the S.C.M. this term has naturally centred around preparation for this event. We have tried to prepare for it by both individual and corporate prayer and study. Study circles on the Life of Christ have been arranged in the Halls and on "Why Missions?" at College. Prayers are held on Tuesday and Friday, at 8.45 a.m., in College at which all, whether members of the S.C.M. or not are welcome. We have also arranged one general meeting for Nov. 26th, which Mr. Rham will take. In preparing for a College event it is fatally easy to become obsessed by it, so that we lose sight of the wider aspects of our work. We have tried not to do this.

The S.C.M. in College is not a purely local concern; not only is it a part of a national movement which embraces all the Universities, Training Colleges, Medical Schools and Art Schools in the British Isles, but it is a part of a world-wide movement, the World Student Christian Federation. This is perhaps the most thrilling piece of work undertaken by the S.C.M.—particularly in view of the present critical international situation. If we are not thrilled by its work and by our membership of it, it is probably because we are not fully conscious of it. Our consciousness of Christianity in a world setting was, however, sharpened by the visit of Dr. Jesusderson, who spoke to us on the kind of Christian that India needs to-day.

Many people in the College have in the past helped us most nobly in raising money during "Federation Week." On Dec. 3rd, they and all others interested will have an opportunity, unmarred by requests for money, of hearing a reply to the question—"What is this Federation?"

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

The Chemical Society has enjoyed two Lectures and a works visit up to the present this term.

On Friday, 26th October, Dr. H. H. Hatt came down from East London College to tell us about the constitution of the Grignard Reagent. Dr. Hatt is an Old Hartleyan, having spent about 10 years here at College. Whilst he was doing research here he made a great deal of use of this valuable reagent and we undoubtedly profitted from his thorough understanding of the problem. His very excellent lecture was appreciated by all.

Mr. R. B. Pilcher, O.B.E., the Registrar of the Institute of Chemistry visited us on Friday, 9th November and gave us an interesting talk on the Profession of Chemistry. In the course of the lecture, he told us that he had already been with the Institute for 43 years ; so that we had everything from a man of real authority on the subject.

On Tuesday, 13th November, a party was conducted over the most up-to-date milling factory in the district ; that of Messrs. Joseph Rank & Sons, Ltd. The whole process, from the arrival of the corn, to the bagging of the flour was explained by two able guides. An enjoyable afternoon was spent in this way climbing stairs and eating maize husks.

By the time that this is published, we shall have welcomed back to the department, another Old Hartleyan, Mr. S. P. Harris, who is to lecture on Petroleum.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Although our numbers have decreased as compared with last session, quantity has been balanced by quality and we have had most enthusiastic audiences at the four meetings held so far.

Professor Rishbeth's lecture on "Wessex," which was our opening meeting, was appreciated both for its practical value, in that it gave a clear and brief introduction to the area around Southampton, and for its interest and the excellent slides shown. The Society was fortunate enough to hear Mr. Williams, a representative of the Canadian Government, who showed several films on Canada in the Botany Theatre. These were greatly appreciated. Our next lecture was on "Mallorca," and the lecturer was Mr. E. W. Gilbert. He treated us to a very interesting and illustrative hour and a half. Mr. Green, a member of our own staff, who was in Austria during the summer

vacation, lectured on "Wandering in the Austrian Tyrol in 1934." The fine slides, amusing anecdotes, and the non-technical nature of the talk was greatly appreciated.

The Society has one of the most attractive programmes this session for some years. We are most fortunate in being promised a lecture by Dr. L. Dudley Stamp of the London School of Economics on November 29th. The lecture will be a public one, to be held in the Hall, and the subject will be "U.S.A. in 1934."

The lecturers for the rest of the session include :—

Mr. Claude Ashby, on "Wanderings in the Alps,"

Mr. Clemetts, on "Iraq,"

and Mr. Clowser, on "Geography in the School."

This latter should be particularly interesting to intending teachers and will probably be held at Taunton's School.

Excursions are being planned, but will be confined mainly to the summer term.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The term opened with the Fresher's Debate on Saturday, October 13th, with the motion "That the Country is a Better Training ground for Citizenship than the Town." Mr. Goss prefaced the Debate by appealing for funds for the Debating Hall, and by calling attention to the fact that so far, only two members of the Students' Council had paid anything towards it (a propos of this, the response to Mr. Goss's appeal was very disappointing, and the Committee will always welcome any donation, however small.) Mr. Cook, Miss Harley and Mr. Norman spoke for the motion, in the above Debate, and Mr. Glanville, Miss Ellis and Mr. Moxham against it. In spite of the fact that the motion had previously called forth scorn among the intelligentsia, it inspired many speeches from the floor. The motion was carried by 40 votes to 26.

The Staff Debate had to be cancelled, unfortunately, owing to a dearth of speakers, but we still have hopes of arranging one this term.

The second debate was held in the music-studio on 27th October, the motion being "That the present system of marriage is incompatible with the happiness of the individual and society." Mr. Ruffell opened the debate with a very brilliant speech in which he pointed out that the marriage system has evolved through economic necessity, that community of women already exists and that although idealists desire the individual to be free they do not wish to force anyone to any

particular system. He was seconded by Mr. F. Child, and Mr. Miles and Miss Stallard opposed the motion. Mr. Miles based his arguments on the fact that civilisation as we know it at present consists of certain number of repressions. After a somewhat heated discussion from the floor the motion was defeated by 50 votes to 25.

The third debate was on 10th November at 5.15 p.m., in the Women's Common Room. Be the cause, time, place, or motion, the meeting was extraordinarily badly attended. The motion, "That there is no place for sentiment in modern business," was supported by Mr. Tress and Miss Still and opposed by Mr. Symes and Mr. Crocker. The motion was carried by 7 votes to 4.

We have received an invitation to the Manchester I.V.D. on December 7th, which has been accepted, and where Miss Stallard will speak for U.C.S.

The date of our I.V.D. has been altered from February 2nd to January 25th. The motion will be "The enthusiasm of youth is of more benefit than the experience of age."

We hope to hold a literary meeting at Highfield Hall on December 5th, to discuss the influence of English literature on German literature.

Finally, may we appeal once more for support at debates and support for the building fund?

THE STUDENTS' ORCHESTRA.

At the time of writing we have not yet appeared in public, but are busy rehearsing incidental music for the Stage Society's production and the S.O.H. Dramatic performance. After this we hope to give a programme of light music one lunch-hour for the Gramophone Club towards the end of term. As the response to our appeal for players has been rather disappointing, we take this opportunity to remind everybody that we still need many more players, especially strings. We hope that all juniors who omitted to bring up their instruments this term will turn up next term with them and present themselves at the Music Studio at 5 p.m. on the first Friday of term.

TOC H. S. STONEHAM HOUSE GROUP.

The Group began the session with a small nucleus of last year's members, but a talk from Howard Dunnett, the Southern Area Secretary, at College on October 16th, brought along a good body of probationers, though unfortunately there were not many freshers among them. The Group would like to extend an invitation to all

freshers to come along to its meetings even if they have not time to undertake jobs this session. Most of the jobs of last session have been continued satisfactorily.

THE ANTI-WAR SOCIETY.

At the beginning of term a letter was distributed among Freshers calling their attention to the militarist character of the O.T.C. On Saturday, 10th November, Mr. E. W. Hunt, Chairman of the National Students' Anti-War Council addressed a meeting of the Society. On Armistice Day we supported the town Anti-War Demonstration. On the 29th December a world congress of University students, lecturers and professors opens at Geneva on the subjects of War and Fascism. It is hoped that U.C.S. will be represented and interested individuals and societies are urged to assist in making this possible.

POLITICAL CLUB.

Although the Political Club has maintained its position as an established institution in College life, it is possible, now that the original enthusiasm and novelty of its foundation are passed, to supplement the usual record of its activities with a serious criticism. Throughout the proceedings of the Club there is a conspicuous absence of *active* and *vocal* interest outside the ranks of those holding extreme left-wing opinions. As a result, the "open forum" provided by the Club remains in practice "closed," and its discussions lack the provocative basis of opposed opinions. There are in College a large number of persons of liberal and conservative views, and we would urge them to take advantage of our meetings to express freely, without fear or favour, the faith that in them lies. The Free Speech for which the Club stands will remain an illusion so long as the respectable bulk of political opinion preserves this chaste silence. There is therefore a danger that the interest upon which the Club rests will destroy itself by its majestic impassivity, while the voluble few repeat continually their unquestioned nostrums. Can it be that there is no intelligent right-wing opinion in the face of modern crisis? The world is ripe for great decisions, and students must make those decisions—about war and government, empire and liberty. And silence is a singularly poor argument.

Meetings have been held to discuss Labour and Conservative Policy, the Revolution in Spain, and the Liberal attitude to contemporary politics. Before the end of term, Herr Kallenberger (who has fought many a gallant skirmish on behalf of his leader at all sorts of

meetings since October) will open a Discussion on the National Socialist State. We expect a crowded and controversial meeting.

We have been glad to co-opt Mr. Goss, lately returned from Göttingen, as a Vice-Chairman, and Miss Bowron has been acting officially for the absent Vice-Chairmen, Messrs. Andrews and Winsor. We are grateful to both.

May we repeat our intention of providing an opportunity for "free speech" on all matters political, at all times and in all circumstances. That is the basis of our existence, and may well be increasingly important in the emergency conditions of the next few years.

9th SOUTHAMPTON ROVER CREW.

Those Rovers who left us at the end of last Session are actively engaged in troops in all parts of the country. Joe Rawlings, whom we were particularly sorry to lose after his excellent work as Secretary—only his successor can appreciate what he did to the full—is now concentrating his efforts upon a Troop in Aspatia. We wish him well. He has expressed a wish to remain a corresponding member of the Crew—a wish that has been granted. Dick Brading, the man who gave new life to the Crew in its early days, is now influencing a larger sphere in his clerical work at Parkstone, Dorset. Vine, we are pleased to say, is still living in Southampton and helping with two Groups—Dockland Settlement and S. Michael's. He has the help of several College Rovers. Similar help is being given at Ascension and at S. Mark's—the latter being a continuance of work started in 1932, the former being a more recent orphan, now safely placed in the hands of Creeth and Hemming.

During the long vacation Creeth gave considerable service to the Unemployed Camps, to the Hop-pickers' Camps and similar charitable causes, while Goldsborough and others continued hiking for the Rambler's Badge.

This term our numbers have increased; the quality of the Crew has also improved upon the influx of a number of experienced Scouts and Scouters. Two of us are taking Part I of the Wood Badge Course; another has advanced as far as Part III. Our lunch-hour meetings have so far consisted of talks on Scouting Topics—"The Scout Law," by the Senior Rover Mate, "Scouters," by the A.D.C. of the Southampton Association, "Peace or War," by Mr. Gibson of the L.N.U., and a talk on "Sea Scouting," by a distinguished visitor, the Assistant Headquarter's Commissioner for Sea Scouts. We are promised visits next term from our local D.C. and from the Head-

quarter's Commissioner for Wolf Cubs. Apart from these talks, next term's activities will be of a more practical nature.

Towards the middle of May, 1935, there is to be held in Southampton, a District Jamborette. We have been asked to help in this—both in theory and in practice. We have already started our contributions—of which you will be hearing more later.

STAGE SOCIETY.

This term has been rather a difficult one for the Stage Society. We have, however, got well under way in the production of Clemence Dane's "A Bill of Divorcement." Before starting on this, we had already tried three other plays; but unfortunately each one was unavailable for amateur representation. The last month has seen rather hurried rehearsals—but we trust that support will justify the hard work which has been expended upon it.

The Play-Reading Club has read only one play as yet—Shaw's "Pygmalion"—but it is hoped that there will be time before terminals to read Gordon Daviot's "Richard of Bordeaux," the contemporary London success.

We shall not appeal for support for the Society—we have it—and we are sure that unlike some Societies—we shall continue to flourish.

SOCIALIST SOCIETY.

From the amount of interest which its meetings this term have evoked, the formation of the Socialist Society last term seems to have been amply justified.

The term opened with a meeting on October 5th, at which J. V. Ruffell spoke generally concerning Socialism, and urged students to join the Society. On October 30th, Dr. Quinn gave a very interesting and informative talk to a large audience on "England and the American Arms Inquiry." We were fortunate in securing on November 20th, the Rt. Hon. Arthur Greenwood, M.P., who, being Chairman of the Universities' Labour Federation, was specially qualified to speak to a student audience. He concluded his address to an audience of over sixty by remarking that the best way of thanking him would be to join the Society. We cannot conclude these notes better than by echoing his request for more members, particularly from the first-year people, who, while showing considerable interest in the Society, have as yet shown little desire to play any part in making it the foremost political body in the College.

CHORAL SOCIETY.

During this term the Society has, as usual, devoted its activities to the rehearsing of the musical work for the Annual Operatic Performance. This year we are producing on Wednesday, February 27th (College Night) and Friday and Saturday, March 1st and 2nd (Public Nights) the ever popular Gilbert and Sullivan Opera, "Iolanthe." The ranks of the chorus are amply full in respect of Sopranos and Contraltos, but there are still several unfortunate vacancies amongst the Tenors and Basses—Gentlemen—Don't be shy!

We should also like in these notes, to emphasise the fact that the success of such an enterprise as we are undertaking, depends, to a considerable extent upon the support of the whole College, both in person and more particularly by their advertisement of it to others; we would, therefore, appeal to everybody to give the Opera all the publicity they can, and thus ensure that this year's show will be an outstanding success.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

So far this term the Society has had three very successful meetings. The Exhibition was well patronised and the variety of entries and quality far exceeded our expectations. We were particularly fortunate in having Ald. Kimber, J.P. to judge and criticise our work. His advice was very valuable, especially in that branch of the subject in which he excels, viz.: old Architecture. After Ald. Kimber's criticism followed an informal discussion for beginners. This was led by the president, Mr. F. W. Anderson, who noted the presence of many who before Ald. Kimber's criticism had styled themselves "advanced workers."

The real high spot so far has been Mr. Kay's demonstration of lantern slides, illustrating his lecture on "Pictorial Composition." Mr. Kay's slides were, without doubt, the finest that most of us had seen, and the difficulty of emulating them made "advanced workers" wonder if they were even "beginners." Thanks are due to Mr. C. Lambeth who helped to light up the whole proceedings.

By the end of term we shall have added a demonstration in lantern slide making by Mr. Chas. Lambeth and a lecture on lenses by Mr. A. E. Clarence-Smith, to our list of activities.

Finally, the whole Society would like to voice its thanks and appreciation for the whole-hearted way in which the President has contributed to the success of the Society, and now that he is leaving us to wish him "Happy Hunting" in new Photographic Spheres.

CHess CLUB.

The activities of the Chess Club are increasing again this year. There are three teams in the Southampton Chess League, one in the first division and two in the second. Although it is still early in the season, it has become apparent that the "A" team will have a difficult task if it is to retain the league championship. The "B" team has won all of its matches so far, and has reached the second round of the Robertson Cup Competition, while the "C" team has won one match and lost two by narrow margins to rather strong teams from Taunton's and Itchen.

A chess ladder has been started this term, and is proving very popular, in spite of the fact that a few people whose names appear near the top seem to show a reluctance to appear in the chess room.

At the beginning of next term, there will be a lightning tournament for all clubs in the chess league. Prizes will be given to winning teams, and individual winners in two divisions. We hope to enter several teams in this tournament, and to have practices for it beforehand.

We should like to remind all those who are interested in chess, or who would like to learn how to play, that Room 33 is available for chess daily between 1 and 2 p.m.

In conclusion, we must thank all those players who turn out regularly for us week after week, even when a journey of some distance is involved.

F. S. S.

The Southampton Group of the Federation of Student Societies has seen a steady increase in membership since its foundation last year, and now contains some of the most active students of the College. Politically it sees in England, no less than in the world at large, a decline of Capitalism which takes the form of Fascism ; it is convinced that Social Democracy offers no way out, and seeks the solution in the building of an economically free society by means of Revolutionary Socialism. Inside University life it is apparent that students have less opportunity of finding employment at the end of their course ; for this reason the authorities cut down the number of entrants, facilities for maintenance and research, and indeed in places threaten to take away those privileges which students have always enjoyed.

Our activities focus on weekly meetings, but our aim has been to forward our point of view on all suitable occasions. The Secretary attended the large Executive meeting at Oxford, where frank criticism

of past tactics was one of the most hopeful signs of the vigour of a young movement.

In conjunction with the Socialist Society, League of Nations Union and several town bodies we took part in a peace demonstration on Armistice Day, when the F.S.S. banner was second in the procession. We acted under the conviction that the best method of honouring the memory of the dead, is by showing that the youth of to-day is opposed to any recurrence of war; only by uniting all those determined on peace can the outbreak of another war be prevented.

We continue our struggle for world socialism and freedom because we feel that, as students, we can reveal the decadence of capitalist society, and the negation of all artistic and scientific progress in a world where invention and research are repressed, because of their danger to the few who at present profit from the misery of the many.

U.C. GUIDE CLUB.

This term the Cadet Ranger Company has been reorganised as a Guide Club. It is felt that a number of students would like to keep in touch with, or learn something about Guiding, although they have not sufficient time for active work, and it is hoped that the Club will meet their needs. Two meetings will be held each term and each meeting will consist of a talk on some aspect of Guiding and a little practical work.

Membership is open to any student whether she is or is not a Guide already. Extra meetings will be arranged for those who wish to continue active work. We hope for a large membership as enrolment as a Guide will not be essential.



PAUL-JONES.

"God match me with a good dancer."—*Much Ado*.

J. B. L—*SHM-N*.

"I would be married, but I'd have no wife;
I would be married to a single life."—*Crashaw*.

V. J. B—*RN-S*.

"And, grinning in his turn, his teeth
He in jocose defiance showed."—*Wordsworth*.



